

# EPMD, Scratch Bring It Back (Part 2 - Mic Doc)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Rewind...

Heal up, real up, bring it back, come rewind...

[Erick Sermon]

Now about to wreck shop is the man wit the plan  
Godamn, yo, watch me slam  
Taking the bassline, freaking my lines  
Squeezing my Reebox's pumps and Kriss Cross then jump  
Way behind the track so I sound smooth and rugged  
Pumped it for the Hit Squad, yo, they cold dugged it  
You know my style, man, yo, check the stats  
Down wit the Mic Doc, my DJ is Scratch  
Straight from Brooklyn, Albany projects  
He gets respect when he's rocking wit the set  
He goes crazy, maybe goes into a rampage  
Yo, but don't be afraid  
Can produce hard tracks like this  
But don't shut him down, put him on the funk list  
Live in color, a smooth brother  
If I had to pick a DJ, I couldn't, word to mother  
So George, hit me wit the funk scratch  
Then after that black, come back and rewind that  
George, hit me wit the funk scratch  
Then after that, yo, come back then rewind that

[Chorus]

[Parrish Smith]

I'm def, it's my turn  
Freakin a new style, flippin this new style over the track  
I'm all that, down, rippin  
All over the place, yea, check em  
(Yo, yo, yo, yo, MD, yo, hold up money grip  
yo get off that bullshucks  
Rip the hardcore style for the b-boy niggas,  
yknowimsayin, hit me wit that funk)  
Record mode, set the EQ for Dolby  
Step back, check yaself, punk, you don't know me  
I flow, G, (say what) multi mil see  
Brother on fade to black, YO!, and BET  
For my grill in the Source wit the record force  
A1 choice, the golden voice taking no loss  
The name is Mic Doc, don't forget it hop  
The kid from up the block, the tape's kicking ya boom box  
From the boon dox, the powerhouse on the rap route  
So make way, time to roll out  
Can you wind it and mine, primetime  
He got me illin, so hit me wit a (rewind)  
Now bring it back, bust that wisecrack  
Damn, it's been 5 years, kid, you're still on my bozack  
Shockin P, clockin P, when I'm rockin see  
You're not Parrish Smith, so why you mockin me  
You're just a wannabe, you wanna be me  
Sell for millions, until then, get the nuts, G  
No time to battle rap, F that  
I'm pushing maximum level, so smell the smoke from my mic, black  
I'm outta here, peace to the hardcore  
Bring in the hook while Scratch is cuttin like a chainsaw

"My style... deadly psychopath, schizophrenic"

"Don't forget I'm... crazy swift"

"How can a brother be so nice" [x2]

"Master on the beatdown"  
"Huh forget it I'm constipated"